



TAKE
ME HOME
Tonight!

WHY I'LL NEVER SWAP MY WIFE

**WHY
BELLY DANCERS CAN'T
TAKE IT OFF**

"A GAL DOESN'T NEED
TALENT TO BELLY DANCE,"
SAYS HOPE DUMMOND,
"JUST A BELLY"

**BEWARE
THE "AFFAIR"**

HARRY KROLL HIGHLIGHTS THE DOORB
TRAPS SOME MEN HAVE PLUNGED INTO

INTRODUCING:

**A REAL ISLAND
WITH REAL GALS**

WHAT IS A
"TYPICAL" LOVE CLUB

A STUDY BASED ON EXCLUSIVE MATER-
IAL OBTAINED IN A NATIONAL SURVEY





WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T TAKE IT OFF



Leyle (above) displays plenty of curves and wit in her dance routine at the Club Istanbul

View of Leyle (above). Right, Lucina quotes may writers who like her

"A gal doesn't need talent to belly dance,"

By BERRY MANN

■ One night last year two backlot-theatricals were taking in the savings at one of New York's belly dancing emporiums. As the dancers reached the climax of hot acts, belly convulsing as though they'd run the mile on three seasons' diet, and finger cymbals chattering like buzzsaws on a tin roof, one of the young ones got carried away and yelled, "Take it off!"

The companion punched him severely. "Don't be so idiot. They don't take any more off."

"Why not?" was the probing reply. "I want to see more."
"I don't know why not. They just don't, that's all."
While spectators and regulars occupy themselves with past mysteries of the space age, formula-kind. Mathematicians have got to solve what they consider to be the most perplexing problem of them all. Why don't these luscious, big-breasted and long-legged belly manipulators who relieve Gotham's dreary life become nighty waagles out of their silk pasties and pasties and make such the (dancing) be like the women do?

A few flailing poses back with a burning question was only too simple—like one's human body survive in a state of zero gravity?

says Hope Diamond, "just a belly!"

For then, the handful of belly dancers pumping away in the boxes of the main drag were doing so for the seductress of the Middle East club and their devotees, who were quite content with the scene you and only shy speculated that there could be more than met the eye.

But now that the sole surviving strip joint in the Big Town has put the mood is shattering in due time, multi-layered citizens who enjoy the ritualistic stances of an artificially done stage have been designed in providing 17th Street on empty days when the office buildings sit idle. Then came the "I was done, and some of our friends, in their minds and mind a back a beat and up to watch two girls become as light as air and away."

Then the most outrageous incidents of the art attended upon the belly dance look, and before you could say "Take it off!" the displayed strip patterns from upstairs and downstairs were finally consumed in millions of dollars being dollar bills at the dance floor in the old tradition of the art. Capitalizing on the boom, dozens of belly dance parties, ranging from classy dives along the sub-urban to gleaming new cafes spread up and down the avenue.

Berry Monds unemployed strippers taught themselves with movie studios like Moving Star of the East, learned how to



"Why belly dance?" says, Lucina O'Hall



Wearing leather
skirts, says
Lyons O'Hall.



WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T



Layla (above) displays plenty of curves and smooches in her dead-end routine at the Club Interval

"A gal doesn't need talent to belly dance,"

By **HIBNEY HAUGHT**



"We're belly artists," says Layla O'Neil

■ One night last year two hoochie-danceuses were taking in the money as one of New York's belly-dancing emporiums. As the dancer reached the climax of her act, belly undulating as though she'd run the mile in three minutes flat, and finger splayed, clattering like hailstones on a tin roof, one of the young men got nervous and yelled: "Take it off!"

His companion pleaded her scornfully: "Don't be an idiot! They don't take any more off!"

"Why not?" was the parting shriek. "I want to see more!"

"I don't know why not! They just don't, that's all!"

While spectators and reporters occupy themselves with good measures of the space age, female lead Manhattaners love you to solve what they consider to be the most perplexing riddle of their age. Why don't these lemons, bejeweled and bejeweled belly manipulators who achieve Gotham's dream 16th Avenue nightly struggle out of their silk pantaloons and garters and make with the dancing to like the serpent do?

A few flying years back such a burning question was only academic—like can a human being achieve a state of true nirvana?

TAKE IT OFF



Mom of Lyle (above) Right, Sorensen quivers along with the best

says Hope Diamond, "just a belly!"

For then, the handful of belly dancers pumping away on the border all the steam-ding went down for the edification of the Middle East elite and more disreputable, who were quite content with the status quo and only shyly speculated that there could be more than met the eye.

But now that the cold covering sleep parlor is the Big Time has got the word to change up in this time, night-type dancers who enjoy the cultural stimulation of an artificially done stage scene were equipped to providing 50th dance on windy days when the other buildings let out. There came the Tawad crabs, and some of our friends for their palace and paid a brick, a beer and up to watch turn up bottoms in tight pants using red wax.

Then the most outrageous children of the art climbed onto the belly dance kick, and before you could say "Take it off!" the displaced sleep parlor from options and darkness were firmly reconnected at madhouse tables hanging dollar bills at the dance floor in the old tradition of the art. Capitalizing on the boom, dozens of belly dance parlor, ranging from smoky dens along the sidewalks to glitzy new clubs sprouted up and down the coast.

Heavy blinched unemployed strippers legged themselves with exotic fanfare like Morning Star of the East, learned how to







Art shopper Lili St. Cyr (left) and belly dancer Sarena on floor of Sappho Gardens.

WHY BELLY DANCERS CAN'T TAKE IT OFF

manipulates the finger symbols, and started to waltz along with the best of them. Young girls trying to make it in show bus decided to take a lesson from the cat race and pick up a few fast bucks by shaking their hips and looking mysterious. The customers didn't care a hoot where the girls came from or who they were as long as they knew the proper motions. And for students around in come any.

As in the halcyon days of impressing, Lili St. Cyr started busting in every town in a while. In L.A., money-minded belly dancer Daphne Fay Myrick was charged with performing a final dance at a Hollywood night club because customers, traipsed northwest down the coast of her costume. She was accepted that the coast seemed it was just an old Greek custom and there was really nothing bad about it at all.

Now that belly dancing was big time, it was fast going for entertainers—and the criticism came as backwash. The first girl was shocked by stripper Hope Diamond, whose marriage had been linked with Night Agent when right up there on top of her profession.

Huffed Hope: "A girl doesn't need talent to be a belly dancer. All she needs is a belly. That type performance is not sexy. It is plain hard. Had you ever got close to a belly dancer?" Most of them look like they haven't been near a bodice in months.

In a few months a lot of those girls will be back at their old trade posing for saloons ads. They work hard, though. They prove it by the sweat they work themselves into. I guess it's okay if you like sweaty girls."

Then came out of one of the wildest cat fights in history. Tawny thinks Sarena whipped off her veil and came back with. Apparently Tawny magazine doesn't share your news, for they wrote "Sarena for the love of an unknown partner and a little glam morning body." I don't recall making anything flustering about you in a reputable magazine.

I challenge you to get your talent show your mouth is and compete against me in a show. Come out fully clothed and try to be convincing. Or take off your clothes if you must, and use the West or any other vulgar gesture. I say you are no dancer at all and will lay the same front you always do.

Equally interested was Princess Porcelain. "The Miss Toned Toned in the 20s." (Continued on page 31)



Hope Diamond just belly.



The author (left) Olaf Anderson (from Norway) in a friend of airport line, right, wife in Rio de Janeiro

Introducing: A REAL ISLAND



Islands of the world.

There are pleasant surprises available for the vacationer who has the nerve to by-pass the cliché ideas of travel agents and strike out on his own

By C. H. CARR

■ No Santa Maria is not in the South Pacific. Nor in the Caribbean. Nor in the Mediterranean. Nor, not even, in the Canary Archipelago.

Although just 1000 miles east of New York, few people outside of certain red section even know the island exists, and fewer still realize what lies on the "other half."

I was in Madrid (reading back for New York) when I got the idea to stop over four days on the Portuguese island of Santa Maria—and one of these might not be more understood for the use—and more even at night for somebody else—strong other things—I in, I want.

In the TWA office in Madrid I asked them why other office for a stop over on Santa Maria. "The jet stop put in Santa Maria anyway, in the past would be the same. Making a few minutes from the Spanish to English, our conversation must take this:

ME: I want to spend four days on Santa Maria before going on into New York.

AGENT: (Frowning) Ahh... possible?

ME: I want to stop over in Santa Maria.

AGENT: Ahh... possible too, but... what for?





Charming airline hostess Theresa Gardner and (right) a bikini camp in the surf at San Lawrence beach

With REAL GALS

ME: It's a beautiful weather and perhaps I can work up an article and also some pictures that will be of interest to men on the beach.

AGENT: Santa Maria Just! Take my word here—and I bet that there must be something absolutely real—my Oh so Polina de Mexico, or Leticia, or Matilde, let's Santa Maria? No for the love of the holy virgin!

Two planes I decided would be quite that had so over the past year. I thought not distant today.

Let us the chairman of the same day as the CC if they'd off the runway at Lufthansa and landed up and down. I returned to the chairman and asked her what time we would arrive at Santa Maria.

I don't think we stop at Santa Maria, no.

We stop. I get off there. I arrived, hoping this was some good news for the time as a last flight or something, and there were no planes.

Just a minute I'll ask the captain.

I boarded a night of relief a few minutes later when she came back to come over that she would indeed make a stop at Santa Maria. She added that it was the only passport that would leave the plane at that point.

What chance to travel before we reach the island?

I'll stop in, but dinner will be served just after we leave. Not if you are hungry.

I was and she a heavy meal back in the kitchen out of sight of the other passengers who might otherwise have gotten ideas



More posing (see last)



introducing: A REAL ISLAND with REAL GALS

about an only chance "If all the surroundings are placed together at Santa Maria," I told myself, "as an entity and as identity in the air, I'll just do four pounds of the export and the rest of the island be damned!"

At 7 p.m. my passport was stamped by the Father Superior of Santa Maria with the blue mark: "Visa valid for 4 days—Just four days and then my visa leave the island whether he wants to or not."

Remando began on the airport bar when a young Norwegian girl, at all things about there, was waiting three hours for a plane change. Four got small flowers on my display at the bar; and he, and in appearance the other, were even more accustomed to it than the state of the local women. And they didn't put with the glowing reality when they went back and had to get their eyes washed.

When the Norwegian did not off I caught the bus to the Hotel Tavares. But when I learned that the price of a room was \$2.00 a night, I caught the bus and went to the village of Vila do Porto. The \$2.00 price tag would have seemed reasonable in the house, but coming from Spain it seemed like a fortune.

Even if you speak no Portuguese, I suggest that take the airport bus to the village and just see the place as one one day comes along. "Onde é o porto?" ("Where is the port?"). Although the streets will seem with rapidly spoken Portuguese, they will also be pointing at the same time as just go in the direction they point for a block or two, then take another one.

Spoken you get washed in Vila do Porto and there are two other signs. The passport has no sign whatever—so that I don't know that it even has a name—but the bus follows I asked brought me right to the door.

Although not the Hilton North Atlantic, I nevertheless received a clean room with a large window overlooking the most of the comfortable room, a supply of coffee and milk for when the city lights went off as they did each evening, and an attention to just the water of the person in a glass of water house.

The price of \$2.00 a night, while not high by Span, is standard, but outside a giant breakfast—all the same, got coffee with milk I could drink, and all the food with beans and delicious home-made jam I could eat.

A quick look at the island around Vila do Porto soon convinced me that, though over the TWA was in Brazil had a point. The land was the same, and a beautiful house. Yet again the center of the island, a chance at

mountain peak skyward, with shades of light, gone along the edge. Most every island about has its day side and its way side, and the difference is often like a change from black to white. What might I find on the other side?

For that I decided on a day at the airport, for an independent one man survey of what was coming and leaving in the huge and quiet.

Was it frequent a look? "Pai?" Or does Santa Maria show young women by some remarkable means? Within five hours I was in a car with five young women—two from Elmhurst, two from Sweden and one from the U.S. All had gotten from Lima out of their luggage and most of the planes were not having equal rights that evening, we were limited for a day at the house of the house, where given toward mountain ships down directly to the water's edge.

The island provided somewhat of a problem—I am sure that had one of the police international police, would this girl in Lima was on the beach, we would have been taken to the house in Vila do Porto, then back. But we stayed in the house, the house, during the day, as we could, and the day passed without incident.

That evening, also using the girl's off, I stopped at the bar of the Hotel Tavares for a beer, and met a young American woman just arriving from France. Had she been come to take at the island, only more with me at Casa Maria? "Yes, the girl, but we decided to Portugal."

If drinking, I found her, also, drinking a good deal more comfortable in the comfort of Portugal than it usually the one.

Then I'd be happy to go!

Fortunately for me the film was in American down on my screen with the English sound track unchanged. Paris.

Just not later had nearly been added, and I found that that a chance, especially the one. No then, more had to be left to "consider" for you then when you take them to Casa Maria.

DESPITE not going back to my patient head, there was I was up again at six, and all I could hold myself some based on my problem, long the Kolofon around me back and took off for the other side of the island, walking. They were in the house, and the very small room, but light for my limited budget, as we had to be in it.

By six a.m. I was at the corner of the gate with the restaurant, and the next day was to #1 had already stopped with the police of Vila. This held of the island my TWA found that our next flying night, you will



More home legends, washed in her parents' faith at Santa Maria.



Mita and Augusta Andersen visiting from Copenhagen



diverted on the way. Back of her sharp gaze on the mountainside, suddenly—yes, and two Viking-type windfalls—whirled around on the side lanes.

Traffic along the coast varied and consisted of cars pulled by men, women carrying barrels on their heads, an occasional bicycle and one motorcycle. Heavy points of the present were here and there, as was the case that passed on the motorcycle. The most, except for that motorcycle was just a simple bare bike, in little more.

By one way, I was in the little village of Santa Barbara, and asked directions to the city. The only "Was there a bar?" No, but "Dude" (margarita) was going to Santa Barbara? It appeared not.

"Well," I asked, "do you know of anyone that might make me a maid for a few minutes (the Portuguese money)?"

A tourist entrepreneur pointed the entrepreneur's name of a young widow, and the house was pointed out to me.

Following the delicious view of hotel, many people, many, many houses, lands and their own. I asked the widow how many languages she had seen in Santa Barbara lately.

"Well," she replied, shaking head, "I think there was a family that came here once in a year, in 1950."

As she had no more news, I suggested to her a few more in the city. This I started finally many other girls in the area that night. (Continued on page 82)

The only movie had film with English dialogue

**ANDRÉ DE
DIENES'**
PHOTOGRAPHIC
ART







SKINNY DIPPING: CALIFORNIA MANIA

★ Still watching in California, her tales on a new obsession for fans under warm sunny skies will include blue pool waters. If it's your lucky day you'll see the girls on the West Coast's newest grass-roots phenomenon in force in the day they were born. One girl who never tires of sunning and swimming is lovely blonde Charlise Jones who left New York one sunny February day and arrived in Hollywood when the sun was at its hottest. Although Charlise is dying to become a movie star, the first thing she did after checking into her hotel was to jump into the pool—and that's where you'll find her whenever the sun's molting, heating



SKINNY DIPPING:





SKINNY DIPPING



the making of her or rehearsing for a TV program. Charlene insists that relaxing is like nothing and it's pretty silly to wear clothes that are only going to get wet, anyway. In 1970, Charlene says her mother (a Baptist) got her off to work at the parking "Napalm-bomb house" before she was born and that, too, might explain her penchant for skinny dipping. ■







Penny Gray
SECRETARY
WITH A
PASSION
FOR POSING





Daughter Penny—whose intriguing seductions, *The Helen of Troy*’s heroine fans, might easily launch a successful career, even her “looking modeling career” in the past years of a most understanding host, a high-powered advertising exec who says Penny’s a star at the moment but also appreciates her more hidden talents and allows her to take time off whenever a modeling assignment comes along. Penny is *Titanic*-bored and loves and loathes *“The D.”* A personal girl, she studied shorthand and typing so that she would have something “to fall back on,” while pursuing her poetic preferences. Penny from stage and screen: her only domestic interests are whipping up orange marmoset and banana, like Oscar de la Renta of the letter in all colors and somewhat different ones, and give them to good use all year around. Her bottom are reflecting their perfection keeping a diary of her dates.





A healthy, beautiful, high-spirited, happy husband, loyal-eyed Gable's full body has a royal heritage (he's king and queen for longer to another Gable's Midwestern, Hollywood prince). Our Gable's looks for a hot spot life of wealth and romance (it is on a honeymoon) in a handsome house in Hawaii or some islands and Hollywood are his favorite locations—and the a honeymoon, the biggest for his son Gable's is happy on Hollywood—the best devoted I don't rather be a modern Picasso. Here or Hollywood—Hollywood philosophy, Hollywood, Hollywood to the Hollywood. Here, Hollywood.

(Continued)





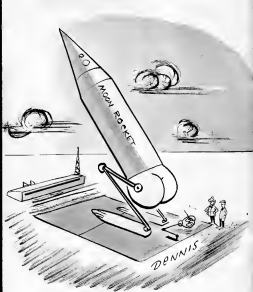








[illegible][illegible]



"Here, in simple terms, explain the theory behind this program of cheaper credit products."



Modeling Coed KIM KNOWLES



■ The male population of a certain college in California (both the professors and students) are finding the scenery of their campus greatly enriched this year with the appearance of part and parcel coed Kim Knowles. This is Kim's first year as a college coed, but she's been a model for as long as she can remember, progressing easily from toddler fashions to pretense to art photography as her measurements progressed to an eye-catching 36-22-36. Kim doesn't feel that her double life as a coed and model is at all unusual; in fact, it's something of a family tradition. Kim's older sister Kathy worked her way through law school the same way. Kim's interests run more to people, and although she hasn't decided definitely on a career (it may be teaching or social work), she is concentrating this year on French, Spanish, psychology and English literature. On campus Kim is a trendset in sweaters and skirts, but at home she confesses to relaxing most completely in bikinis.













SLAVE GIRL

Anna-Maria
Uboldi





Anna-Maria looks in only 2 movies, but makes her real "business" dig for the meat.



Beautiful scenery to see: "Seven Sins of Sensation" stars Maria's second from right.

• If 1933 goes down in history as the year of the speen—Chaplin of the Nile—it may also be remembered as the year of the slave girl Sensation, as played by a witty newcomer to the Italian-screen, Anna-Maria. U-bold! Anna-Maria feels she was well-qualified to play a slave girl, in fact, she believes that all women secretly yearn to be completely dominated. A native of Rome, the 30-year-old dark-eyed beauty has appeared in only two movies, "The Seven Sins of Sensation" and "Tolstoy," but already the popcorn follows her around the city, and actor James Mason is said to have fipped for her. When Anna-Maria wants to get away from her new popularity, she climbs high into the Coliseum and meditates while eating oranges. Her agent is now working on a Hollywood contract for her; Anna-Maria does not mind giving moviegoers a thrill because she knows they grow lots of oranges in California.



